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ally sloper's Half Holiday

CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. VI.—No. 292.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1889.

[ONE PENNY.]



ALLY ON THE CHRISTMAS JOB.

"Poor Papa's preparations for the publishing of 'ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS' are being conducted this year on a ridiculously lavish scale, and Mildew Court is positively upside down with excitement. The day is now fixed for Monday, December 9th, and the hour 10 o'clock A.M.—that is, unless Bankruptcy supervenes. Meyer Lutz's 'Pas de Trois' is simply charming, and Evelina plays it all day long for the Twins and Jubilee to dance to. Dear old Dad is having a special costume made, in which he will represent Father Christmas, and Mamma is plying her needle as only a Mother can."—TOOTSIE.

"TIS AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY ANY GOOD"



1. "How dare you, sir, come in at this hour?" "I—please, sir," said Littleclerk, "the fog—" "Oh! of course. Get to your work, then," Littleclerk had been to a "smoker" overnight—but no matter.



2. "Get up, you helpless brute, do!" said Mrs. Drythroat, "and sleep off your drunken fit." "My dearsh, it's fogsh got int'sh my throatsh," answered her husband. But, in this case, it wouldn't wash.



3. When Minnie reached home that night and explained that she had got lost in the fog, her story was at once believed, but she didn't mention that her lover got lost in the fog, too—not she.

THE LYONS MAIL.

In the month of April, 1786, Mr. Joseph Lesurques, of Paris, accepted, in an evil moment, an invitation to dinner, which cost him his life.

Early in the morning, five days later, the Lyons Mail was found in the Forest of Lenart, robbed of 75,000 livres in assignats, silver and bank bills. The courier sat dead in his seat, with one wound right through his heart, and his head nearly cut off. The postillion was also dead, his head cut open and his right hand divided, and his wounds were apparently inflicted with sabres. One horse was found near the spot, and the other wandering in the Rue Royale. The mail was a post-chaise, with a trunk behind to carry the letters, and there was one seat available to the public at the courier's side, which, on this occasion, had been taken to Lyons in the name of Laborde, silk merchant. The passenger had mysteriously disappeared.

A few days after these dreadful murders, the Joseph Lesurques above mentioned, a respectable man with an income of about £600 per annum, met Mr. Gresno, his host at the dinner already alluded to, who told him, to his astonishment, that he and one of the guests at his table had been arrested as associates in the crime, and that he, having proved he had had nothing to do with the affair, had been discharged, and was then on his way to the police office to obtain the return of the papers he had deposited there, but that his guest, one Couriol, a comparative stranger to him,

had been found to have in his possession a sum in assignats, drafts and money, equal to about a fifth of that stolen from the mail, and that he, not being able to give a satisfactory account of himself had been detained in custody.

Lesurques, at his friend's invitation, accompanied him to the police office, and there he and his friend were almost immediately confronted with two women, who swore that they (Lesurques and Gresno) formed part of a suspicious quartette of travellers, who had loitered, dining, drinking, and playing billiards at taverns on the road to the forest the night the murder had been committed. The police had made sure that the murder was the work of five persons, one of whom was the sham silk merchant, who had ridden by the side of the courier, and the others the four men alluded to, who, on the day of the murder, it was ascertained, were wearing long cloaks and with sabres hanging by their sides, rode out of Paris as though bent on a party of pleasure, but whose appearance and behaviour somehow unfavourably impressed all those that during the day they came in contact with.

Lesurques, put on his trial, was positively sworn to as one of the set who had broken his spur-chain and had it repaired, and who had left behind, and returned to a certain tavern for, a sabre. Gresno, his friend, again proved a complete *alibi*, and was let go; but Lesurques' witnesses did him more harm than good—one, in his mistaken zeal, scratching out and altering a date in his day book to strengthen his evidence.

The jury had retired to deliberate, when a young woman, violently agitated, forced her way through the crowd in the Court, saying her conscience urged her to save the judges from a crime. The witnesses had mistaken Lesurques for a man named Dubosq, whom he strongly resembled, and the prisoner was perfectly innocent. But her evidence was disbelieved, and Le-urques and Couriol were condemned to death. Then Couriol rose up, crying, "I own my crime, but Lesurques is innocent. The resemblance to Dubosq has deceived the witnesses." On his way to death he repeated this, and Lesurques, on the scaffold said, "I pardon my judges—the witnesses, whose mistake has murdered me, and Legrand (the foolish blundering alterer of the day book), who has not a little contributed to my assassination. I die protesting my innocence." In the newspapers he also published this letter, addressed to Dubosq, not yet found.—"Man, in whose place I am to die, be satisfied with the sacrifice of my life. If you be ever brought to justice, think of my three children, covered with shame, and of their mother's despair, and do not prolong the misery of so damning a likeness."

About four years after Lesurques' execution, Dubosq, a most hardened criminal from early youth, was arrested, attempted to break out of prison, but broke his leg, recovered, broke out again, and a year later was again taken prisoner, this time to be tried, condemned and executed. He and all the five actually concerned in the crime, alike swore to the innocence of poor Lesurques, but to this day full justice has never been done to his memory.

"BILLYAM," bleated the Bald 'Un's heir, "there have been some who have even said that we are liars."

"We are! we are! we are!" chorussed the Blood-Begored.

(Next week, "Jim Crow.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their Queries—particularly the queerest; but all questions put to the Editor, or to any member of "THE FAMILY," will be answered in due course. Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose stamps for that purpose.

H. J. KEY (Gainsboro').—Read the announcement carefully, and don't trouble us with so many queries.—O. S. (Landport).—Says he has been a subscriber for three years, and complains he has not yet received a Watch. O. S. must be patient. We could show him numbers of Coupons received weekly from five and a half years' subscribers, who have not as yet had their patience rewarded, but are content to wait.—GEORGE BALL.—The idea is good, but we have no space.—FLO M. (Highbury).—The "Award" was presented to Agnes Huntington, February 16th, 1889, and her acknowledgment appeared in the "HALF-HOLIDAY" for March 16th, 1889.—M. C. D. (Dundee).—The copies mentioned will be forwarded, post-free, on receipt of 1s. 6d.—DIXON.—Thanks for potato.—R. S. PATTERSON.—Sorry we cannot give the addresses of the two ladies you ask for. Any communication addressed to them at this office will be forwarded on to parties named.—C. T. BELL.—Thanks for sketch; sorry we cannot make use of same.—S. SANDER (H.M.S. Vernon).—Sorry we have not a Pipe to send you. They were distributed some time ago.—THOMAS W. HORTON.—Thanks for letter, old chum; we wish you every success.—J. B. (Royal Marines).—Please read our list of successful competitors' names, as several Presents and Watches have been given, as you suggest.—ILFRACOMBITE.—ALLY is sorry he omitted your town in his travels this year; he'll try and work it in next year's tour.

"ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY."

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And the "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" will be given for the Best Poem of 12 Lines on

P. T. BARNUM'S SHOW.

As good old Barney is stopping with the Eminent, he can judge for himself, so please address—

P. T. BARNUM, Esq., F.O.S.,

"THE SLOPERIES,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

*** The List will close this day, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30TH, 1889.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

"How your baby cried last night in church, Mrs. Quiverful!" said Mrs. Grundy. "Indeed!" ejaculated Mrs. Quiverful. "I didn't notice it." "Oh, yes; I heard several people complain of it." "Dear me!" said Mrs. Q. "I wonder that such people come to church at all."

Old Lady (who wishes to get to Holborn Viaduct). Conductor do you go to Dr. Parker's Chapel?

Conductor. No, mum; I don't go nowhere. Tain't often I can get off on Sundays, and when I does, I takes the young 'uns for a walk.

"WELL, missis!" exclaimed a docker out of work, "I'm blowed if I know how to drive the wolf away from the door." "If we go on much longer like this, Jem," said his wife, "we shall starve him away."



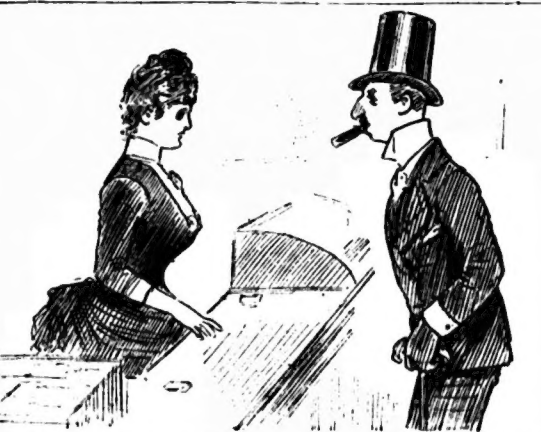
FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 292.—The "Poultry Show" Costume.



THE POPULAR IDOLL.



"My dear," said SLOPER, "I have sworn never to touch the glass again, so you may give me a quarter of 'Unsweetened' in the pewter."



Youthful Cud. I wonder, my dear, that you don't smoke. You could indulge in the habit cheaply out of your—er—master's stock, but I suppose you're stupid enough to think it affects the brain? She. I'm sure it does. Look what a convincing proof of its fatal effects I have before me!



THE OFFICE-BOY HAT. Designed, in his spare moments, by the Sloperian hortic-lad.



Some people are never satisfied. This lady's husband says that if the dress was only as high as the price, and the price as low as the neck is, he would be better pleased.

"HONEY POTS," says the Eminent, "is a game which can be enjoyed both by the old and the young. As a *premiere potite*, I'm bound to say that our Tootsie takes the cake: still, it ain't always so perfectly carried out as it might be. When the Dook and Bob were a-carrying her the other night, they dropped that sweet bunch of prime cut loveliness on the floor. I'm sorry to say that one foot broke Uncle Boffin's false teeth; the other split poor Bob's eye-glass into shivers, and there was such a bustin' off of hair pins, buttons and what not, that Evelina found enough bits of lace embroidery, hooks, eyes, and the rest of it on the floor, when they were gathered together, to rig out half-a-dozen dolls, and a couple of pin cushions over to give to Ma as a birthday present."

He. COME here, my dear. Nay, do not frown, Though I don't say it's right. There goes the girl with whom young Brown Spends nearly ev'ry night.

She (eagerly). My gracious me! What things we hear! What wickedness is rife! Hardly married yet a year, And—Fool! Whv, it's his wife!

THE other day poor old Smith called on ALLY (you know Smith—M. P. Q. Smith, his friends always call him, because he's always *impecunious*) and observed, "Mr. SLOPER, you owe as much as any man I know; I wish you'd tell me how you manage to keep your creditors quiet." "Very simple," replied the grand old humbug. "If a man begins to worry me I ask him if he owes anything himself; if he says no, I tell him he's a lucky man and can afford to wait, and if he says yes, I observe that we are fellow sufferers, and that he ought to sympathize with me in my trouble. Bound to have him either way."

SCENE.—The Rising Generation at Brighton.

First Youth. I don't like these stiff collars a bit. I'd a lot rather be back in my old sailor's suit.

Second Youth. Oh, I wouldn't! Why, with one of these collars, a fellow has only got to wash his neck half-way down.

HE was decidedly wassail-bowled over. He was seated in the gutter, with his arm round the lamp-post, saying, sweetly, "Oh, come to my bosom, my poor stricken dove." And then the stern myrmidon of the law came by with bullseye flashing and eye as stern as pickled Fate. "What are you a-doing of down there?" said he. Then the Scotch packer looked up at the gleaming gas-light, and gently murmured, "Been a-watching for the sunrise. There's the bloomin' sun. Ain't the warmth refreshin'?" But this was too much; and so another yard and a half of paint was kicked off the stone jug door that morning by a kind hearted reveller.

He. I'm awfully stupid, dear, and all that, I know, but I wish you'd tell me how to distinguish between classical music and any other.

She. Oh, you can always tell, dear! They are usually pieces with-out any perceptible tune, which everybody applauds, and yet seem inexpressively relieved when they are finished.

I CAN'T understand the principle of this French doctor's system: of inoculation for hydrophobia," pensively murmured Hopper. "Ah, I see; it is *past our* comprehension, eh?" said Shirty.

I KNOW some maidens love to murmur, "Oh, kiss me, sweetheart, quick, and go!" But my girl whispers, "Hold me firmer, And keep on kissing—so, just so."

Mrs. CLUMBERBUMP went to call on her old friend Mrs. Brown the other day, and on her return home she informed her husband that the old lady was in a very bad way. "She always suffered from very coarse veins, as you know, Clumberbump," said she, "and it 'pears as how she'd got an illustrated sore throat, and the doctor said as how she mustn't go out, but she did, and one of them veins fractured, and she tumbled down and ruptured her head, and now the physicers say that she'll have to be jappanned! Ain't it awful?"

LARDI LONGSOX sent the servant girl a few days ago to match a piece of ribbon for her, and on her return, noticing that they were not alike, she said, "Why, you stupid thing, the two are quite different!" "No, they ain't, miss," replied the girl; "it's only one as is diff'rent."

ALLY says that he means to have a look in at that there swimming biz with all the rest of the London managers. "I think," he says, "as how I shall get a few dozen seats in the back yard, charge a tanner for gate money, and then get Tootsie to dress up in last year's Prince Poppypet's costume, and drop from the second floor back into the cistern. What with a penn'orth of red fire at night time, and McGooseley kept moderate sober, and the water "look" warm, the thing might work uncommon well."

"Do you drink mild ale, Mr. Fastboy?" inquired Mrs. Stingenian at dinner. "Yes, Mrs. S.," said Fastboy, "when I cannot get anything stronger."

Board School Examiner. What is the meaning of the word "Academy"? Promising Pupil. It's wot they make roads of, sir.

SOMEBODY once wrote about "Patience on a monument smiling at grief," but Dr. Bolus says all his patients are under a monument, and he does the smiling himself. Allopathetic!

Oh, darling, would that thou wert mine, To roam through life with me! Thy lip to mine, my heart to thine, Where'er our path may be.

It rests, my dear, on the amount That you hold of the stuff; I'm ever yours, if your account Is only large enough.

SHE was a timid, shy maiden. And she looked upward at the mistletoe as it grew on the bough, and she said, "Ain't that a curious looking plant, Edwin?" She was standing beneath the old apple tree. And she said again, "Isn't mistletoe pretty, dear?" And at that moment a solitary apple that had survived the autumn, in a dry and withered old age, fell slap down on her nose, before Edwin could do the expected business. And now that girl's got a nose so flat that she could let it out for a puddin' board. And the agony she suffered, too, from coming squash down on the bull pup, who retaliated something dreadful—Well, well, well, etc.

ALLY SLOPER'S ART UNION.

The next picture offered to the readers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is an oil painting by JOHN CHARLTON, measuring 50 in. x 40 in., in a handsome gold frame, and entitled,

"AT BAY."

All that has to be done is to make ONE APPLICATION ONLY, by sending an Envelope with this announcement inclosed, together with the Name and Address of the Applicant, any time before December 31st.

Address—"ALLY SLOPER'S ART UNION," "THE SLOPERIES," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

*** This Picture is on View every Friday afternoon between 3 p.m. and 6 p.m.

TOOTSIE AND THE BARNUM BOOM.

It would appear that far away among the forties there was once a time when the Dook Snook was wont to take his pleasure less sedately, and then, among other things, he used to go to Greenwich Fair.



An intrepid wire-walker.

There would he gaze rapturously, yet respectfully, upon the "Fat Girl," with her ringlets, sash, short frock, long pantalettes, and sanded shoes, about whom there was, as the showman said, "No deception" save, possibly, that this "nacheral coorosity of the female speechis" was nearer fifty than fifteen. Also did he wonderingly behold the living skeleton, the "hunted Hinjian Savage Chief," just ketched in a himpenitable forest, the pink-eyed Circassian lady, the dwarf who rang a bell out of the first floor window of a doll's house, and the learned pig, who pointed out the young lady who was so much in love she couldn't sleep of a night, and the biggest rogue in the company, which latter was of course, the showman himself. Great was the Dook Snook's delight in the tragedy at Lee and Johnson's (late Richardson's), ten minutes long, containing "one ghost, two murders and three combats, and representing Innocence, though, for a time oppressed, ultimately triumphing over Guilt." But most of all does Snook look back to the terpsichorean charms of the "Crown and Anchor" booth, the rural joys of Tea-pot Row, the sirens of the Fair who vended "ginger-bread husbands," and the endless mirth and gaiety produced by a wooden instrument that was called a "scratcher."

"Only to think," said the Dook Snook, as we passed the threshold of Olympia, "that I should live to see Good Old Barnum bringing back Good Old Greenwich Fair. Well, this does call back old times."



The managers were very polite.

It isn't exactly Greenwich Fair, though. There is no "Crown and Anchor" booth. There is no Tea-pot Row. There are no scratchers, and no ginger-bread husbands, but then Barnum's, as was Mrs. Jarley's of yore, is a highly "moral" exhibition. The "Royal Family" were the patrons of Jarley, and Barnum has a Royal box big enough to hold all the Royal Families of Europe, a dozen or so at a time, their sisters, cousins and aunts.

The managers were very polite, and explained lots of things to me, but I can't properly describe the Barnum Show without borrowing from the Barnum vocabulary. It is, of course, the Greatest on Earth, Imperially Superb, Animated, Spectacular and Decorative. Everything is Marvellous and Extraordinary, such as the feats of the Girl Wire-Walker, Colossal, Elegant, Graceful, Picturesque, Sensational, Brave, Bewitching, Wild, Unique (the clever lady who turns somersaults in the ordinary attire of Well Regulated Girls, for instance), Exciting, or All Surpassing.

When I tell you that the Skeleton Dude was straightway mashed on me, and that in consequence the Corpulent Fair One, by his side, gave him a spiteful pinch, that the Ranchmen fought for two minutes, and that the armless man kicked his legless brother for the same time and reason, you can understand that the Freaks of Nature made me feel a bit timid, but as the Leading Lady Journalist I did my duty—even to counting the bones in Jumbo's skeleton, and buying sixpenny-worth of Popcorn of an energetic Ethiopian serender. The great grand feature of the entertainment, however, is Imre Kiralfy's spectacle of Nero, or the Destruction of Rome, which is as good as anything of the kind could be, and all London ought to go and see it.



An unique performance.

The number of sights of one sort and another I've seen lately is surprising. What with Barnum's, and the free show of Lord Mayor's Isaacs, and the two hundred and fifty pound a minute Pelican Scramble, which, *entre nous*, dears, I was only able to attend disguised in coat and waistcoats and Things as a M'N! Really, since we've been back in town, the wear and tear has been something dreadful; but, there, duty! duty! Barnum's Mermaid told me that my Affinity, that I spoke of, has been taken on at the show for next week as a Freak. What's his freakishness, I wonder! I am all anxiety!

TWENTY SLOPER KEYLESS WATCHES GIVEN AWAY EVERY WEEK To Purchaser of ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

Cut out and fill in the Label printed below, and post it to:— THE "SLOPER" WATCH DEPARTMENT, "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

THE "SLOPER" WATCH COMPETITION.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," November 30th, 1889.

Name _____

Address _____

Age _____

Occupation, if any _____

How many times applied _____

How long a Purchaser of the "Half-Holiday" _____

The List for this week's Competition will close on Wednesday evening next, December 4th, 1889. The Result of the Competition of November 23rd, 1889, will be published in the "HALF-HOLIDAY" for December 7th, 1889.

173rd WEEK. RESULT OF NOVEMBER 16th COMPETITION.

The following Twenty Applicants have been awarded "SLOPER" WATCHES:—

1. ALFRED LUNN, Clerk, 62 Prince of Wales' Road, Kentish Town, Age, 29 years. Subscriber—since commencement. LONDON.
2. E. F. GEORGE, Teacher, 19 Bolton Road, Manor Park Road, Willesden, Age, 30 years. Subscriber—since Christmas, 1884. LONDON.
3. HARRY CUDNER, Carpenter, 39 Gordon Road, Peckham, Age, 29 years. Subscriber—since commencement. LONDON.
4. T. W. H. ASHTON, Norwood, Age, 23 years. Subscriber—regular ever since start. ALTRINCHAM.
5. JOSEPH RUSHFORTH, Commercial Traveller, 230 Ripon Street, Age, 35 years. Subscriber—over 44 years. BRADFORD.
6. GEORGE EDWARDS, Grocer, 103 King Street, Age, 22 years. Subscriber—since 1885. CAMBRIDGE.
7. FRANCIS THOMAS BUDD, Chemist's Assistant, 7 Belle Vue, Age, 25 years. Subscriber—4 years, 11 months. COLLUMPTON.
8. JOHN M. CAMPBELL, Millworker, 172 Liff Road, Lochce, Age, 29 years. Subscriber—since 1884. DUNDEE.
9. THOMAS JAMES EASTERBY, Hairdresser, 80 New Road, Age, 20 years. Subscriber—since commencement. GRAVESEND.
10. S. H. MASON, Newsagent's Assistant, 64 Boreham Road, Victoria Gardens, Age, 17 years. Subscriber—5 years, 5 weeks. GREAT YARMOUTH.
11. CHARLES THURLOW, Telegraph Messenger, 9 Station Road, Age, 15 years. Subscriber—44 years. HARWICH.
12. THOMAS SCOTT, Carpenter, 27 Talbot Street, Age, 36 years. Subscriber—over 5 years. HERTFORD.
13. ALFRED JOHN RAYNER, Labourer, 3 Brantham Village, Age, 26 years. Subscriber—from the first. MANNINGTREE.
14. WILLIAM WESTMORE, Grocer's Apprentice, High Street, Age, 17 years. Subscriber—since June, 1884. MARDEN.
15. JOHN DICK, Labourer, 28 Wilson Street, Age, 21 years. Subscriber—5 years, 26 weeks. MONKWEARMOUTH.
16. HERBERT GRIMES, Signalman, G. E. Railway, Aylsham Road, Age, 25 years. Subscriber—since December, 1884. NORTH WALSHAM.
17. CHARLES WHITE, Police Constable, 35 Park Terrace, Albert Road, Age, 28 years. Subscriber—from No. 1. NORTH WOOLWICH.
18. GEORGE SMETHURST ORME, Solicitor's Clerk, 8 Lord Street, Age, 16 years. Subscriber—5 years, 4 months. RUNCORN.
19. HARRY SIMPSON, Blacksmith, 214 Northam Road, Northam, Age, 18 years. Subscriber—5 years, 10 weeks. SOUTHAMPTON.
20. WILLIAM SCOTT, Ironmonger's Improver, Market Place, Age, 20 years. Subscriber—44 years. UPPINGHAM.

SLOPER'S SOCIAL SONNETS.

NO. 58.—THE HOSPITAL NURSE.

I AM but a common nurse—
I might be better, might be worse.
In the ward I pass my time—
Well, that isn't, p'raps, a crime.

Folk who cases come to see
Often take a glance at me.
Say, "That woman's rather nice"—
Come, perchance, and ask advice.

I have had a history—well,
Some funny things I might, p'raps, tell;
But this I keep to myself—
My name was long since put a-shelf.

In the days, though, long ago
I was famous—yes, 'twas so;
I was known—well, up and down
In all the corners of the town.

My photo in the shops was sold
(A pretty face, but rather bold);
But now I'm humble sister E.,
My life is—yes, a mystery.

In the dim light of the ward
I watch the "snapping of the cord";
I watch the latest groaning strife,
The fight with Death for wretched life.

In dress and cap so trim and neat
I meekly take my humble seat;
If "medicals" chance wish to laugh
I never listen to their chaff.

By misery and dreary death
Now I draw my daily breath;
My life is changed for good—for worse?
I cannot tell, I'm but a nurse.

YOUR CHARACTER TOLD.

For the Benefit of the Readers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," the services of a Graphologist of great skill and talent have been engaged. Readers desiring a delineation of their character must send a letter of moderate length, signed with the usual signature, and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope (with the writer's own address). All letters must be directed to—

"ALLY SLOPER'S GRAPHOLOGIST,"

"THE SLOPERIES,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

Answers will be posted direct to the addresses given on Envelope. No notice will be taken of any communication not complying with the above regulations. Answers cannot be guaranteed within fourteen days, but will be forwarded as early as possible.

A CHEMIST.

It was at Slocum-cum-Podger—if you don't like the name, think of some other place, one cannot always be giving the accurate names about every-thing.

At least I can't. So you must not worry yourself any more about the matter.

Well! well! It was in a country town. And there was the local magnate's wife. And she was a curious sort of woman. A good many women are inclined to be curious.

It was rather odd, but she had a knack of being very curious indeed about animals.

She tended a dog and that dog died. Yet she went into a chemist's shop and was so kind as to say—

"Can you give me a bottle of some-thing that will cure my dog? If not, you'd better give me something to put the poor little creature out of its dreadful misery."

The chemist very politely handed her a bottle of stuff. I think, as a matter of insignificant detail, that it was about as deadly a poison as you could well give anyone.

The dog died!

She exhibited great grief at the death of the animal, and talked much of the marvellous instinct and faithfulness of dogs in general.

Her husband got rather sick of this sort of thing and suggested she might ease her mind, and find society, more compatible with her inclinations than her husband's, in that of the dog-headed tribes of India, but he didn't bother a bit what she did or said.

It is also a curious thing that women who are odd in their habits never seem to get on as well with their husbands as they might do. She (the animal-tender) used to row with her husband a good deal.

She used to snub him unmercifully. I mean that any sensible woman would have said, as a matter of course: "That woman doesn't like him."

As a matter of fact, she didn't like him. When she lay on the sofa and looked at him, he never knew what was passing in her mind.

She was thinking—

"How I hate the very sight of you! You have been unpleasant to me ever since I have been married. You have made me look small before my relatives. You have done everything to make me thoroughly detest you."

But, Heaven help you, that man never knew in the least what was passing in his dear wife's mind. As a rule, husbands of the disagreeable sort never do.

And the funny part of the business was she had no other man to bestow her affections upon. One or two "lady's tigers," as people in the Colonies term would-be lovers of other folks' wives, had ventured on little flirtations, which she had accepted as her due, and fully enjoyed as a means of aggravation; but as for love! she hadn't a particle of that in her composition for the *genus homo*.

A successful amateur dog fancier had been particularly sweet upon her, and, as far as conventionalities allowed, he made much of her, thinking, with their mutual taste for dumb animals, particularly doggies, he had the advantage of the other fellows. But she did not care for cats or dogs, and was a bit too deep for him.

Among other odd sensational accidents that happened in the year 1888—that woman's husband died.

There was a big trial on. That woman was a witness in a trial for murder. No one could have possibly held her own as well as she did.

Said the counsel to her—
"And you always lived on such remarkably good terms with your husband?"

She answered, "I did."

"And he always was remarkably kind to you?"

"He was."

But at this moment the counsel asked a most remarkable question.

"You were always very partial to dogs?"

The woman turned nearly pea green.

There was a dead silence in the court.

Standing in the well of the court, right opposite to her, was the chemist who sold her the stuff to settle the common ordinary dog and cat. She had tried the same poison on her husband.

The next time she was in court she was in the dock as a murderess.



In the chemist's shop.



"How I hate the sight of you!"



Was witness in a trial for murder.



She, I declare I'm awfully fetching in a pugilistic attitude. I must get Cousin Jack to give me some lessons; and if I don't manage to bring him to his knees by my skill in the use of the "mittens," it will, at any rate, give me a first-rate opportunity of making him a captive to my charms.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



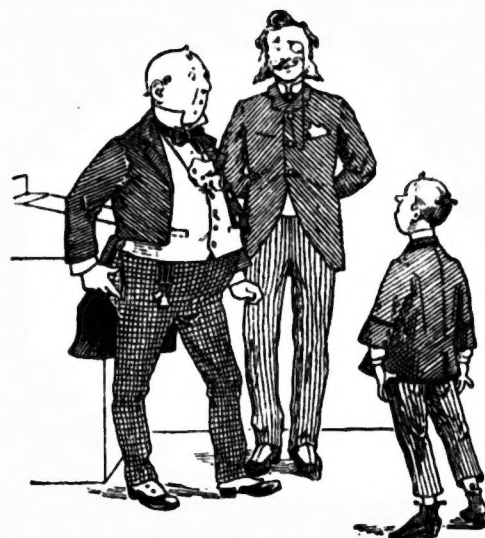
NO. 106.—MISS MINNIE DE SALVA.

"Your manners are pleasing, so lovely thou art: A lasting impression you've made on my heart."
—The Dook Snoot.
"When vexed by care and harassed by distress, May love, consoling love, thee, sweetest, bless."
—Lord Bob.
"Look in my face and then you'll see The one who loves but only thee."
—The Hon. Billy.

SLOPER'S SECRET CAMERA.



No. 23.—Pretty picture, witnessed by the Eminent, near Her Majesty's Theatre, the other morning, and taken by his instantaneous process.



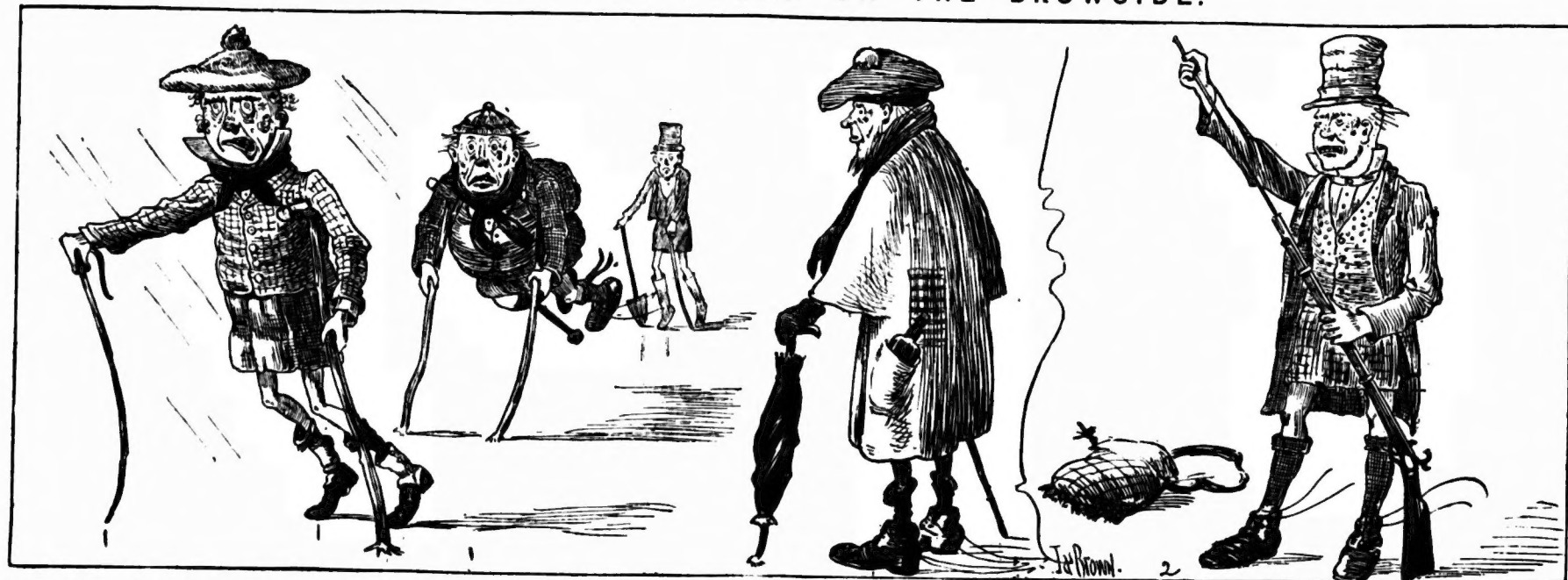
Office-Boy. Oh, if you please sir, here's a gentleman wishes to know if you've got any knives or scissors to grind.

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.



(1). A. SLOPER, having heard that the Czar had evinced a certain amount of jealousy that he had not been interviewed as well as the German Emperor, at once converted one of Tootsie's old boas into suitable winter garb and started for Russia. His reception by the populace was encouraging. (2). But a confounded spy would persist in shadowing him, and looked baffled when the Eminent coolly entered the palace. (3). The Czar started. "My dear Alec," cried SLOPER, "don't you know me?" "Then you are not a nihilist in disguise, and that nose is real?" "True as the Nore Light!" "Then, welcome, my illustrious namesake!" After a lengthy and delightful interview, which, for political reasons, A. SLOPER promised not to publish, he took his leave. (4). And, later on, came across a jovial looking Cossack, who said something like, "Grog—wogablog." "Certainly," said A. SLOPER, who, having caught the first syllable, handed him the bottle, which he drained. (5). "Now," said the Cossack, in fair English, "did you ever see a knout?" "Knout to my knowledge." "Nor felt one?" "No." "Then you shall. Know I am the spy you caused to trot half over St. Petersburg after you. Take that, and that, and that!" A. SLOPER was really not sorry to get back to England.

THINGS GONE WRONG ON THE BROWSIDE.



1. Somehow all are "off colour" on the Browside since the Elder's Haggis Snapper. Their little ways are beginning to turn on the inhabitants. Toms are badly wanted.

2. And McParritch said, "Did ye iver see sic a lot o' scarecrows? I think A'll gie them a charge o' buckshot; it may do them good." [P.S.—For sequel see next week.]



OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Phew! it is getting cold, isn't it? And no wonder, for the Winter is fairly upon us. Just look, for instance, at the Christmas Number epidemic that has broken out on every bookstall and in every news-vendor's shop in the Kingdom. But you are impatient for me to explain the Show, are you not?—"They all do it"—'tis very plain, For stealing coal that plea is vain:—A foolish act, the other night, Caused him to take an aerial flight:—What funny taste! The Bishop thinks That he would like to serve out drinks:—A rather funny sight to see, The banquet of this Company:—Unto the nation, Watts, R.A., Will give his pictures, so they say:—The Empire in Brazil o'erthrown—A sudden change, as all must own:—With mud and slime the streets are dripping, 'Tis hard to keep a horse from slipping.—There, I've finished! I trust that you think the Show up to the usual Eiffel-like standard, to which it is so often raised by—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.



Husband. I've had something very heavy on my chest all night.
Wife. It was the Welsh rarebit you had for supper, no doubt.
Husband. No, love; I was dreaming of you.



Wife. I'm going now, darling. Do I look nice?
Husband (not very well). You'd better not wait for an answer, my love. [She doesn't.]

SHE DIDN'T KNOW HIS PROFESSION.



Author (to new housemaid, who has "cleared away and destroyed all them there untidy papers as was a-litterin' up the room"). Great Heavens! Unhappy girl! You've made pipelights of "My Uncle's Will," lit the copper fire with "Her First Love Letter," and curled your confounded hair with "The Sword of Damocles"—my three next novels. Of all the blankety-blanked idiots, of all the—
[Language too, too awful for publication.—EDITOR.]



OUR COUNTRY THEATRICALS.
Gloucester. Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither.
[Henry VI., Act V., Scene VI.]



Invited Guest. Why-er, what do you mean, all the family in bed, and this the night of their fancy dress ball? Impos-
Serrant. The ball? why, that was last night, mum.
[Poor things! the trouble and expense they'd been put to over those costumes—well, there!]

ALLY-CAMPANE.

A. SLOPER, JEM SMITH AND PETER JACKSON.



It was with great difficulty that the Tottering Fabric got his name kept out of the papers, as being present at the Pelican Club on the occasion of the Great Fight between Smith and Jackson. Men like Sir John Astley, Lord Lonsdale, and Captain Archie Drummond like being mixed up with this sort of thing, but men of the SLOPER breed cannot afford such cheap publicity. In the opinion of the F.O.M., Peter is decidedly the stronger man of the two, but it is quite a mistake to say that in the second round Jem was hugging the ropes as if quite exhausted. The fact is he leant up against the rope while ALLY whispered in his ear:—Commencing with the "HALF-HOLIDAY" for August 3rd, 1889, cut out the first paragraph in "ALLY-Campagne" from each week's paper, and keep the cuttings by you until January 25th, 1890, when you will have twenty-six in your possession. Then post the twenty-six cuttings, with your name and address, to "Sloper's £500 Competition," THE SLOPERIES, 99 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C., and look in an early Number for the name and address of the lucky winner of the £500. Don't post any of the cuttings until you have the twenty-six—that is, one from each week's "HALF-HOLIDAY," commencing August 3rd, 1889, and ending January 25th, 1890. In case you lose any of your cuttings, back numbers are kept in stock, which may be had through any newsagent or railway stall, price one penny, or, post-free, three halfpence, direct from "The Sloperies."

A MUTUAL ADVANTAGE.

The circulation of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is now considerably over three hundred and forty thousand copies weekly, and if, by January 25th, 1890, it should reach four hundred thousand copies, in addition to the £500 above mentioned, £1,000 will be given, in Twenty Consolation Prizes of £50 each, to twenty unsuccessful Competitors in the £500 Competition. It is impossible for us to reply individually to the number of people who ask how much ALLY subscribed towards the £1,000 purse got up by The Pelicans. This £500 Competition has nearly broken him altogether.

ACCIDENTS in the hunting field have been pretty numerous considering that the season has not long commenced. While Miss Julia Spicer was following the Badminton hounds recently her horse stumbled in taking a fence and threw her. Her habit got entangled in the reins, and Miss Spicer was dragged along the ground. It is also supposed that the horse must have kicked her. One of the lady's arms has been fractured in two places, and she is suffering from severe concussion of the brain.

THERE lives, or there did, a few years ago, near Pittsburg, an old lady who has a movable birthday. She had the good fortune to be born on Easter Sunday, and she insists on receiving presents and congratulations on that festival, no matter when it occurs. A great number of her friends and acquaintances have tried to reason with the old lady, calendar in hand, but they have long since given it up as a bad job, for her invariably reply to everyone is: "I was born on Easter Sunday morn, fifty-six years ago, and until I die, Easter Sunday will be my birthday." "Ah!" said the Tottering Fabric, when he heard of this, "I have lived so long that no one seems to remember I ever had a birthday, movable or immovable. Presents and congratulations are things of the past with me."



MONS. MARIUS, the new and energetic manager of the Avenue Theatre, for his latest production deserves the gratitude of all well regulated boys and girls. It is a new rustic ballad opera, called *The Belles of the Village*, and is performed entirely by children. Neither the story nor the characters are very original conceptions. The village squire, the beautiful village maidens, the other inhabitants of the rustic retreat, and the (stage) sailor, who hitches his breeches up at intervals, varying from a minute to a half, only varying this programme by slapping his thigh during the intervening period, are all faithful to tradition. But it pleases the children mightily, and thus attains its object. A special word of praise is due to Rose Kilner and Rose Begarnie, whose dancing is of the highest class, evoking thunders of applause from all parts of the house. To see these children, who dance in exact imitation of the premiere at the Alhambra or Empire, is alone worth a visit. The scenery is exceedingly tasteful, and the songs and music wonderfully pretty. The opera will be performed every afternoon, except Saturdays, at 2.30, and will, without doubt, attract hosts of children during the coming holiday season.

A RULE has been introduced at most of the principal theatres, circuses, and other large places of amusement in Italy by which performers are forbidden, under pain of fine, to receive flowers during a representation, or, indeed, to in any way notice the existence of the audience. There will now be an end in Italy to bouquet-throwing, the practice having become an intolerable nuisance.

THE public generally, and our teetotal friends in particular, will be glad to hear that the vintage of claret for the present year is believed to be highly satisfactory as regards both quantity and quality. This is no offspring of the heated imagination of A. SLOPER'S brain, but a special tip sent to him by our own British Consul at Bordeaux.

A GREAT amount of carelessness seems to exist with regard to the use of poisons. Quite recently sixty-five deaths occurred in London alone in one week, due to different forms of poisoning. Ten of these were cases of suicide, but the whole of the remaining fifty-five were attributed either to accident or negligence. ALLY'S advice to all well regulated people is, don't try any other poison but "Unsweetened" or "Scotch" and you'll live long and die happy.

HAMPDEN HOUSE, Phoenix Street, St. Pancras, is a residential club for students and young men engaged in commercial pursuits. A new hall and gymnasium have recently been added to its many luxuries. A large company assembled at the reception given last week to celebrate the formal opening.

As stated in these columns some weeks ago, the Dook Snook was appointed Art Critic to the "H.-H." at a salary (which he drew in advance) far in excess of his merits. The Dook has now recovered from his indisposition, and recovered his winter overcoat from avuncular relative, and has been trying to appear as if he was earning his screw. In a recent article in a contemporary, it was asserted that many of the critics, engaged on the press, knew nothing whatever of their subject. The Dook Snook is a striking example of the class. He sent in about a ream and a half of foolscap copy for insertion, and the only item which we didn't feel compelled to cut out was to the effect that the picture of Kirkstall Abbey, Leeds, by Alfred de Branski, is creating quite a furore in art circles, and that the pictures at the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours are well worthy a visit.

It is believed that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is engaged on a scheme involving the issue of one pound notes again, with a State guarantee of their value. The issue will be available for use by every banking institution, and it is expected to effect a considerable saving in the wear and tear of the gold currency. Anyhow, the scheme won't affect the Eminent much, for it's precious little wear and tear the gold currency receives from him.

THE books of the Pasteur Institute in Paris show that in the year ending October 31st, 1,810 patients bitten by dogs were treated by the inoculation system. The deaths number thirteen.

AN association has been formed in the Deccan for the social reform of marriage customs. Upwards of three hundred members have already joined the association, including the Gaikwar of Baroda and Holkar. Its principal objects are to enforce by heavy penalties the protection of children from the barbarous cruelty of immature marriage, to raise the legal status of widows, and to put an end once and for all to the existing scheme of their degradation and persecution.

HERE is a spice of encouragement for pretty barmaids who are ambitious to "marry wealth" and live in ease and luxury all the days of their life. Miss Margaret Fitzgerald was a very pretty barmaid at a hotel in Queenstown. A rich American from Wellington, Delaware, named Du Pont, fell deeply in love with and married her. Mr. Du Pont is the scion of one of the oldest and richest families in Delaware, who came over from France to escape the guillotine during the Reign of Terror.

A JAPANESE newspaper gravely reports a battle of butterflies, which took place between Nojima and Kawasakimura, Niigata Prefecture. The conflict was witnessed by most of the villagers, as it took place above a narrow road between the two places mentioned. The engagement was brought to a close before noon, and the adjoining fields were covered by the bodies of the slain. The local people are firm in their conviction that the event portends some great national disaster.



A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 7TH, 1889.

1st December, 1807.—In the *Ladies' Monthly Museum* for this date we read that Madame Napoleon Buonaparte has, at the Palace of St. Cloud, "at the expense of six thousand Louis d'ors, improved the bathing cabinet of the late Queen. By touching certain springs she can command what perfumes her caprice demands to mix with the water, the reservoirs always containing the finest odours. By touching other springs she commands the appearance of drawings or pictures, elegant or gay as her fancy desires. When she wishes to leave the bath, at the signal of a bell she is, by a mechanical invention, lifted, without moving herself, from the bathing machine into an elegant moderately warmed bed, where she is dried in two minutes, and from which she is again lifted, and laid down upon a splendid elastic sofa, moved, without her stirring, by another piece of mechanism, into an adjoining cabinet for her toilet, of which the furniture and decorations cost 100,000 livres."

2nd December, 1886.—On this day it was reported from France that an old man at St. George's d'Aunay having died, his two sons, aged respectively thirty and forty, decided to sit up with the corpse. They got drunk, and, taking up the body, threw it on their mother, who was lying down at the further end of the room. The poor woman shrieked, and a neighbour coming in replaced the corpse on the bed, but the wretches, continuing their debauch, drank to their father's health, attempted to pour some liquor down his throat, and, taking the corpse by the arms, dragged it round the room, accompanying their promenade with coarse songs. All this time the poor widow was beside herself with horror and distress and uttering scream after scream, until the neighbours again burst into the room and put an end to this horrible scene.

2nd December, 1823.—On this day the London Mechanics' Institution was formed, and on the anniversary of the day, in 1824, the first stone of its theatre for the delivery of lectures, in Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, was laid by Dr. Birbeck.

2nd December, 1874.—On this day died Wm. Phillips, the author of *The Dead Heart*, and many other plays and novels which were popular. He was also fairly successful as an artist.

3rd December, 1789.—This day, Bill Hooper, the tinner, fought Wright, the carpenter. In *Pugilistica* we read that "A carpenter, at Binfield Heath, of the name of Wright, having acquired much fame in Berkshire for his fistic skill, was proposed by Lord Falkland as a competitor for the tinner, and Lord Barrymore, who had witnessed Hooper's prowess, at once accepted the cartel on Hooper's behalf, naming his own seat at Wargrave as the place of battle. Whatever might have been Wright's pretensions among the Yokels, he made a poor figure before Hooper, who fought with such skill and rapidity at his opponent's head, that in twenty minutes Wright was all wrong and so punished as to be compelled to give in."

3rd December, 1883.—The new Alhambra, in Leicester Square, was this day opened.

3rd December, 1783.—On this day, in pursuance of an order issued by the Recorder and Sheriffs of Middlesex and the keeper of Her Majesty's gaol, Newgate, a scaffold was for the first time erected in front of that prison for the execution of several convicts named by the Recorder. Ten were executed at one time; the scaffold hung with black; and the inhabitants of the neighbourhood having petitioned the sheriffs to remove the scene of execution to the old place (Tyburn), were told that the plan had been well considered, and would be persevered in.

4th December, 1679.—Thomas Hobbes on his death-bed, on this day, is reported to have said, "I am taking a frightful leap into the dark," which is not unlike the exclamation of Rabelais in his last illness, "I am going to the Great Perhaps."

4th December, 1828.—On this date were lying dead, in the village of Steeple Ashton, four old women, whose united ages amounted to 340 years. As a proof of the salubrity of the air, the parish register exhibits frequent instances of persons dying upwards of 90 years of age.

4th December, 1642.—Richelieu, the cold, crafty, calculating cardinal, who died this day, is said to have drunk only the thin red wine of Medoc.

4th December, 1886.—G. Hubbard, at skittles this day, stuck up and knocked down 1,410 pins in an hour, at the "Royal Fair," Gloucester Grove, South Kensington.

4th December, 1866.—The Convent of Arkadi, in Crete, attacked by the Turks, was blown up this day, and between 300 and 400 persons killed.

4th December, 1869.—The funeral of Madame Grisi, the celebrated vocalist, took place this day at Père-la-Chaise, Paris.

5th December, 1828.—It is reported, under this date, that at Yeovil, in Somersetshire, the relatives who had recently surrounded one dinner table were—one great grandfather, two grandfathers, one grandmother, three fathers, two mothers, four children, one great grandchild, three grandchildren, three sisters, one brother, two husbands, two wives, one mother-in-law, one father-in-law, two brothers-in-law, three sisters-in-law, one son-in-law, two daughters-in-law, two uncles, three aunts, one nephew, two nieces, one cousin. The whole party consisted of seven persons only.

5th December, 1881.—A salmon, said to be the largest ever taken from a European river, was this day netted in the Tay, a few miles above Perth. It measured five feet in length and two feet five inches in girth, and its estimated weight was about 80 pounds. It was a clean male fresh-run fish, in first-rate condition. The fish was returned to the waters.

6th December, 1855.—In Saunders' *News-Letter*, of this date, we read:—"The sexton of Cullompton, in Devonshire, who died a few days since, had buried upwards of 4,000 persons, while the population of the town is only 3,655. It is said that the sextonship has been in his family for a period of 200 years."

6th December, 1802.—Mr. J. C. Steel, of Catherine Street, Strand, lavender-water maker to the Prince of Wales, was this day murdered on Hounslow Heath. His body was not discovered till the 10th.

6th December 1876.—The Stratford-on-Avon Town Council decided this day to restore the ringing of the curfew bell, which, until lately, had been rung uninterruptedly since the Conquest.

7th December, 43.—Marcus Tullius Cicero, the Roman orator, who was killed on this day, said of a man who had ploughed up the ground in which his father was buried, "Hec est cere colere monumentum patris"—This is really cultivating one's father's memory.

7th December, 1828.—John Bull of this date says:—"The following whimsical grounds of exception for the Militia appeared among the returns posted on the door of Gateshead church:—"Exempt—A recruiting sergeant in the army of Immanuel, whose kingdom is not of this world—viz., a licensed Wesleyan Methodist Preacher—Hodgson Cassan."

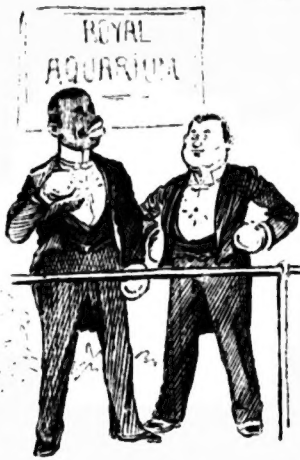
7th December, 1876.—Brooklyn Theatre, New York, was burned down, with a loss of 300 lives, this evening.

ALLY SLOPER'S FREE LIFE INSURANCE.

£150 will be paid by MR. GILBERT DALZIEL, the Proprietor of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," to the next-of-kin of any Man, Woman, Boy, or Girl (Railway Servants on duty excepted), who should happen to meet with his or her death in a Railway Accident, in any part of the United Kingdom, PROVIDED a copy of the current issue of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is found upon the Deceased at the time of the Accident. "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is published every Thursday morning at 10 o'clock, and the Insurance lasts one week from that time, expiring at 10 o'clock the following Thursday morning.

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HOW IT IS WORKED.



If you want to build your fame up.
And would like to get your name up,
Or desire to make some money on a safe and easy plan,
There's a simple way to do it,
And you'll readily see through it
If you'll only take the trouble the succeeding lines to scan.

The best way to spread your bait is
Advertising, bold and gratis,
As the correspondence columns of the sporting papers show;
Then, when you have got a fight on,
Ere you go to train at Brighton,
Get some innocent to back you with a thousand pounds or so.

Training over (not too quickly),
"Fight" with knuckles padded thickly,
Then it doesn't matter if of pluck you haven't got an ounce.
If you find it's not all clover,
Foul your man, and get it over.
With the minimum of punishment and maximum of bounce.
Then the paying game commences,
And the art of self-defence is
Made a tool of and degraded to fulfil your sordid aim;
For at exhibition sparring
With your rival you go starring—
It doesn't hurt, and really is a very paying game.

Each Week's Competition Complete in Itself.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

The Friend of Man is now giving Two Substantial Presents away every week to Purchasers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY"—one to a Lady, and one to a Gentleman. All that has to be done is to cut out and fill in the Label printed below, expressing a wish what the Applicant is in want of, and post it to:—

ALLY'S "PRESENT" DEPARTMENT,
"The Sloperies,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* Applicants must write distinctly in left-hand corner of Envelope whether it is a Lady or Gentleman applying.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," November 30th, 1889.

Name _____
Address _____
Want * _____

* "Sloper Watches" will not be given.

148th WEEK.

RESULT OF NOVEMBER 16th COMPETITION.

The following Applicants have been Awarded

"SLOPER PRESENTS."

1. MRS. CHARLES PHILLIPS, 6 Edmonton Terrace, SOUTHEA.
A CASE OF SOISSORS.
2. FRANK HEATH, "Metropolitan" Music Hall, Edgware Road, LONDON.
A BELL FOR CHAIR TABLE.

TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

Advertisements, as under, will be inserted in this column free of charge, provided the Sender's Name and Address are enclosed with the Advertisement, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Tootsie undertakes, free of charge and post-free, to forward unopened, to the parties interested, all letters received in reply to the advertisements inserted. Advertisements already received, which do not appear below, will be inserted as soon as space admits. Address—

TOOTSIE, "MATRIMONIAL AGENCY,"
"THE SLOPERIES,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.



LOUISE (Aged 19).

TWO FRIENDS, Edith and Marie, wish to correspond with two gentlemen, not over 25 years of age. Edith, aged 18, tall, has light brown hair, fair complexion, considered good looking, thoroughly domesticated, and would make a loving wife. Marie, aged 18, medium height, dark hair and dark brown eyes, fair complexion, considered pretty, thoroughly domesticated, and loving disposition, and would make a good wife. Please send answers and photos, in strict confidence, to, "EDITH" or "MARIE," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG ENGINEER, aged twenty-four, wishes to correspond with a young lady about same age with a view to future matrimony. One well domesticated and musical preferred. Address, with photo, in strict confidence, to, "GEORGE," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

FANNY would like to meet with a steady respectable mechanic, whose intentions are strictly honourable. Fanny is 20 years of age, medium height, fair complexion, and very domesticated. Please enclose photo, in strict confidence, to, "FANNY," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

HERBERT, aged 23, tall, dark, considered handsome, in good Government position, would like to become acquainted with a young lady about 21, fair and domesticated, with view to an early marriage. Confidential and genuine. Please enclose photo, which will be at once returned if not approved of, to, "HERBERT," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

FLORENCE AND ETHEL, two respectable young girls, would like to correspond with two respectable and affectionate young men. Florence is 24, dark, would prefer a fair man; Ethel, 23, would like a dark man. Both are of affectionate dispositions. Address—"FLORENCE" or "ETHEL," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

* In consequence of the enormous number of letters received, we are unable to publish those selected as soon as we could desire, but the Editor wishes to assure his Correspondents that all letters of importance and interest, and of moderate length, will be sure to find a place ultimately in his Letter-Box, and he therefore invites correspondence on all subjects.

28 COMPTON STREET, BRUNSWICK SQUARE, W.C.,
November 13th, 1889.

DEAR OLD ALLY,—Permit me to thank your Graphologist, through you, for his opinion on my handwriting, which I received a short time back. I have shown it to my friends and relations, and they were highly satisfied with it, and say he is a very clever judge. By the time you receive this you will have received various applications from friends of mine for a similar purpose. I was at the Lord Mayor's Show and went down to 118 Fleet Street to see you—which I did. Trusting your paper may continue its meritorious success, and hoping before long to be a possessor of a SLOPER Watch, I remain, a regular purchaser and reader,
W. J. BUTTERS, Telegraph Messenger.

To the "Unsweetered" Shunter.

No. 18 COMPANY, ARMY SERVICE CORPS, ALDERSHOT,
November 16th, 1889.

DEAR SLOPER,—I observe that Mr. G. Gibbs has been awarded the prize for the best answer to, "What shall we do with McDougall?" Would you kindly say why my claim to the prize has been overlooked? I sent exactly the same reply to the question—viz., "Create him Knight of the Garter," and therefore, my "eminent" friend, let me beg of you to recognize my humble claim to the authorship—with Mr. Gibbs—of the reply which has been deemed worthy of that honour to which so many, in vain, aspire. I am, dear SLOPER, yours sincerely,

R. M. CAIRNS (Conductor, Army Service Corps).

* The Eminent has since been pleased to confer the "Award of Merit" upon Mr. Cairns, and regrets his omission in the first instance.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

£1:1:0 and the "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" have been presented to

ARTHUR HUCKSTEPP, 111 Dalryell Road, Brixton, S.W.,

for the Best Account (printed hereunder) limited to 200 Words, as to HOW PUBLIC COMPANIES ARE FLOATED IN THE CITY.

To float a company (with bad company) it is a capital plan to sink capital—in fact, the more you sink the farther the company floats (away from you). Of course there is good and bad company, so there are good and bad companies; but no company at all is better than bad company. Confidence is (as in swimming) the chief point about (company) floating. A company of this kind is composed principally of flats and sharps, a capital arrangement of (bank) notes, making up a really fine tune for the chief fiddlers. In all "do its" flats predominate, whilst in a "try, oh" there may be two sharps and one flat, who, by the way, gets rather a sharp time of it. Companies are something like chickens, easy to hatch, difficult to rear, but bare egg producers (addled) when matured. There is only one way of choosing between a good and bad company. If it has got a dividend it is a good company, if it hasn't—well, it ought to. In conclusion, either you're a flat, or a sharp, or neither. If you're sharp you can look after yourself, if you're flat you'll have to.

THE "SLOPER SILVER MEDAL FOR VALOUR"

has this day been presented to

THOMAS HOLT,

for his courageous conduct in rescuing a woman near Newport Bridge.

The following is a brief account of the occurrence:—About six o'clock one evening last week, some persons crossing Newport Bridge raised a cry that there was a woman in the river. They had seen her drop into the water near the Pontoon belonging to the Harbour Commissioners just below the London wharf. The high tide was nearly at the full, and the great volume of water was rushing upwards with tremendous force and great rapidity. The woman was, therefore, rapidly carried upward under the Newport Bridge, and hurried along in the direction of the railway bridge. With great courage, a young man named Thomas Holt, who had just finished work at a large timber yard close by, quickly tore off his heavier upper clothing and plunged into the water with a view to rescuing the unfortunate woman. The scene then became still more exciting. Two lives were then in danger. On rushed the inward flowing tidal stream, rolling and swirling as it went, and on went the helpless drowning woman; but onward also went Holt with the bold stroke of a determined swimmer, setting at naught the roll and swirl of the turbulent waves. The spectators looked on with bated breath from the parapet of the bridge. "Can he reach her before she is drowned?" everyone seemed to ask the other. Nearer and nearer swam the swimmer to the drowning woman. He came up with her at last. The waves had carried the young woman near to the bank at a turn of the river just as Holt reached it, and, with the assistance of the spectators who had made their way in that direction, she and her gallant preserver were quickly brought to shore. "THE SLOPERIES," November 30th, 1889.

TWOPENCE.

READY MONDAY, DECEMBER 9th,
ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS,

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CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS AT ALLY'S.

A DRAWING, BY HAL LUDLOW,
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A CHARMING DANCE,
"PAS DE TROIS,"
Specially composed by HERR MEYER LUTZ (Gaiety Theatre, London), for Tootsie, Tottie, and Lardi.

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"THE SLOPERIES," 99 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, E.C.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

WHAT part of the proscenium of a theatre is like the wreath of a conqueror?—Why, the green baize (bays), of course.
WHAT is the difference between parsons and poultry?—The ones are clerical, the others lay.

SLOPER'S SELECT LIBRARY.

CLEOPATRE, ALIAS THE LILLIE OF THE VALET.

(A NEW NOVEL, BY WEEDEE.)

CHAPTER II.

A SWEET gay burst of riotous laughter broke with cruel force upon the wretched Monty Carlo as he ascended wearily the gilded staircase leading to the floor of his young master's luxuriously appointed flat. High above all rose the soft and innocent laughter of the woman he loved—the woman he had saved. Again, he asked himself, despairingly, "Mong Dew—why did I not leave her to perish in the forest? Better the merciful jaws of death than the more unmerciful tongue of scandal!"



Aired his eye at the keyhole.

He stood for a while by the door which divided his gloom from the merriment of those within; and as he stood, the music he had heard from the street ceased, as did also the laughter he had heard from the stairs, and there were sounds now as of swallow-tailed Apollos offering their exquisitely moulded coat-sleeves to the ladies, with the view of conducting their diamond-saturated companions to the supper-room adjoining.

Reflecting on the changes incidental to professional valetdom, its varied scenes and harassing duties, he sighed that Fate had treated him so severely. Why should he be compelled to brush clothes, comb hair and perform other menial duties? Ah, why, indeed! The Valet, stooping his head, aired his eye at the keyhole.

"There she goes," he muttered, with a ring of unutterable woe in his mutter. "There she goes, leaning lovingly on the arm I daily brush—fondling fondly the curls I daily curl? Would to heaven I had stuck the burning tongs in his eyes as I dressed his cussed head this morning: would to—"

The Valet suddenly started back, as though struck by the arm of a Sandow. Apparently he had seen something to surprise him, for his face grew pale, and his whole air was one of the intensest excitement imaginable.

"She here!" he cried, wildly. "They told me she was dead—that she died in the workhouse, and was duly buried with all the extravagant ceremony and ostentatious pomp peculiar to the disposal of the pauper-dead! My wife! Mong Dew!"

All went merrily in the spacious and brilliantly lighted supper-room of young Lord Spongedon. The rarest delicacies in season, and out, had been piled on the table by a hand that knew not the meaning of the phrase "domestic economy"—or, knowing it, needed not to consider it; the woman who had been addressed by Lord Spongedon in the first chapter as Cleopatre, toyed coquettishly with the leg of a tough chicken, as if tough chickens were mere dirt; jokes were cracked, bottles similarly treated; healths were drunk (and so were most of those who drank them) out of richly ornamented golden goblets, containing the newest and frothiest champagnes; the behaviour of the gentlemen changed from politeness to tenderness; and ladies grew talkative and frivolous.

Then came a little speech from Lord Spongedon, inspired by a solitary and almost inaudible allusion to that gentleman's princely generosity:

Ladies and Gentlemen—I am extremely 'bliged t'you for this (hie) for this (hie) very kind 'cephun; I should say, for coming to this (hie)—to this (hie) very kind 'ception. Your presence here to-night has 'forded me the greatest pleasure in the world, and (affectionately seizing Cleopatre's ear) my wife here, I am sure, sure, has expeer—has expeer—has experienced (hie) a similar—



Suddenly started back.



Takes aim at Lord Spongedon and fires.

The door opens silently, and a hand, grasping a revolver, takes aim at Lord Spongedon, and fires.
(To be continued next week.)

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 107.—MR. EUGENE SANDOW, F.O.S.

"Never since we started this now famous 'Gallery' of celebrities have we had greater pleasure in presenting a portrait to our readers than we at present experience in giving them this life-like representation of the gentleman who acted the part of Delilah towards the braggart Samson, and so, at one bound, sprung into the blaze of light which surrounds the pillar of fame. Everyone who knows anything at all is, of course, fully aware that the trainer of Eugene Sandow is known as Attila, but it is not everybody who knows that there is a strong opinion in sporting circles that Attila is merely a *nom de plume* of the Eminent himself. However, it is not our intention to betray the confidence reposed in us; but, be all this as it may, A. SLOPER and Sandow are the pallid of pals. Sandow has discovered that Boulanger Shakeshacon possesses extraordinary muscular development, and talks of taking him into partnership soon. Sandow certainly is a stronger man than the Eminent in most things, but, nevertheless, A. SLOPER walked up Shoe Lane, the other morning, with a 'load,' which Sandow admitted he himself couldn't carry. What was the load?—'Unsweetened'? Ah, well! there you've 'guessed it in once,' as McDermott says. Sandow is at present engaged at the Alhambra, where his extraordinary feats of strength create the utmost enthusiasm. Chiefly because he is now 'The Strongest Man on Earth,' Sandow was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him, November 16th, 1889."—*Debrett improved.*



"Why, Herbert, I declare your head's quite bald on the top!"
 "Haw! yaa! You see, I've had such a lot of patting on the head for good behavior, that it has taken all the wool off!"



He. Where shall we spend our honeymoon? She. Why do you call it that?
 He. Because, although it's sweet, it's full of cells.



"TO-MORROW WILL BE FRIDAY."

But the monks, unlike those of the song, have managed to secure one finny denizen of the waters; and as Sam Redfern says, "That's quite enough to go on with."

HE CALCULATED ACCORDINGLY.



SCENE.—Interior of Omnibus. "Full inside!" Ancient and portly dame clambers on. Conductor (looking in). Will any THREE gentlemen oblige a lady?

MAKING A NIGHT OF IT.



(1). Mr. Kwartersrent, the respected proprietor of our palatial boarding house, happened to be rather wakeful the other night. He had just repeated the multiplication table backwards, to himself two thousand times, in the hope of securing forty winks, when it struck him that he could hear a burglar supping in the pantry.—(2). "Just you wait till I get my whate'er-names on, my friend," said he, "and I'll come and talk to you!"—(3). It chanced that, the same night, Professor Chilloos, in his elegant apartment in the "six pair back," was also troubled with insomnia, and imagined he heard someone stirring below.—(4). Hastily arming himself, he left his apartment, resolved to "do or die."—(5). "Oh, lor! he's coming down the passage! I see the light!" gasped Mr. Kwartersrent. "Who's afraid? I'll blow him to Jericho as soon as he shows his nose!" "Ah! skulking behind the door, is he?" muttered the Professor. "A bold rush does it! I'll demolish his cranium!"—(6). "Die, villain!" (Bang!) "Thieves! Murder! Fire!" and a complicated variety entertainment ensued.—(7). Even at the close of the performance, when mutual recognition had taken place, there remained a certain stiffness between the two friends—for some days.

OLYMPIAN GAMES.



Wife (of his bosom). Oh! so you've come home at last, have you? What do you mean by keeping me up all night? You're a nice lamb, you are!
 The Martyr. Been to Barnum's Show, m' dear! Couldn't get 'ome—stayed late—Jumbo skeleton!

FREEZING.



First Scene Painter. Ever paint a frieze, Jack?
 Second Scene Painter. Yes, once, and the blooming manager said it was a deal more like a frost!